# THE NEWS.

PARIS, : : : KENTUCKY.


### *THE TRANSIT OF VENUS.*

Dimly the transit morning broke;
The sun seemed doubting what to do,
As one who questions how to dress,
And takes his doublets from the press,
And halts between the old and new,
Please Heaven he wear his suit of blue,
Or don, at least, his ragged cloak,
With rents that show the azure through!

I go the patient crowd to join
That round the tube my eyes discern,
The last new comer of the file,
And wait and wait, a weary while,
And gape, and stretch, and shrug, and smile
(For each his place must fairly earn,
Hindmost and foremost in his turn),
Till hitching onward, pace by pace,
I gain at last the envied place,
And pay the white exiguous coin;
The sun and I are face to face;
He glares at me, I stare at him;
And lo! my straining eye has found
A little spot that, black and round,
Lies near the crimsoned fire-orb's rim.

O blessed, beauteous evening star
Well named for her whom earth adores—
The Lady of the dove-drawn car—
I know thee in thy white simar;
But veiled in black, a rayless spot,
Blank as a careless scribbler's blot,
Stripped of thy robe of silvery flame—
The stolen robe that Night restores
When Day has shut his golden doors—
I see thee, yet I know thee not;
And canst thou call thyself the same?

A black, round spot—and that is all;
And such a speck our earth would be
If he who looks upon the stars
Through the red atmosphere of Mars
Could see our little creeping ball
Across the disc of crimson crawl
As I our sister planet see.

And art thou, then, a world like ours,
Flung from the orb that whirled our own
A molten pebble from its zone?
How must thy burning sands absorb
The fire-waves of the blazing orb,
Thy chain so short, thy path so near
Thy flame-defying creatures hear
The maelstroms of the photosphere!
And is thy bosom decked with flowers
That steal their bloom from scalding showers?
And hast thou cities, domes and towers,
And life, and love that makes it dear,
And death that fills thy tribes with fear?

Lost in my dream, my spirit soars
Through paths the wandering angels know;
My all-pervading thought explores
The azure ocean's lucent shores;
I leave my mortal self below,
As up the star-lit stairs I climb,
And still the widening view reveals
In endless rounds the circling wheels
That build the horologe of time,
New spheres, new suns, new systems gleam;
The voice no earth-born echo hears
Steals softly on my ravished ears;
I hear them "singing as they shine"—
A mortal's voice dissolves my dream;
My patient neighbor, next in line,
Hints gently there are those who wait.
O guardian of the starry gate,
What coin shall pay this debt of mine?
Too slight the claim, too small the fee
That bids thee turn the potent key
The Tuscan's hand has placed in thine.
Forgive my own the small affront,
The insult of the proffered dime;
Take it, O friend, since this thy wont,
But still shall faithful memory be
A bankrupt debtor unto thee,
And pay thee with a grateful rhyme.
—*Oliver Wendell Holmes, in Atlantic Monthly.*

### TALBOT'S KIDS.

Old Smally was a "no good." No slang ever suited his case until Zinc Barnes applied "no good," which he had picked up during a visit to the Bay. "That's just what Smally is, boys, I'm telling you; 'no good,' and nothing else goes; but that goes, even if he hears it."

"But what started yer on old Smally, Zinc?" Mr. Reddy asked, cheerfully enough.

When Reddy put this leading question to Zinc the men around the bar drew closer together, and the players at the faro table half turned towards Zinc, chipping in four-bit pieces listlessly on the lay-out, the dealer making his turns slowly and picking up his winnings or paying his losses with an added professional indifference, that allowed him equal chances with his patrons to listen to Zinc's reply.

"Well, I'll just tell you, Reddy," began Zinc, meditatively kneading some plug smoking tobacco in the palm of his left hand with the right, "when I was down to the Bay who'd yer think I seen?"

Mr. Reddy and the crowd looked their inability to guess who, of all the people in San Francisco, it had been Mr. Barnes' peculiar happiness to see, and waited in perfect silence while he emptied the tobacco from his hand into his pipe. Carefully lighting the latter, Zinc sent forth a big ring of smoke, took a speculative squint through it, and then said, with the satisfaction of a man who knows he has a sensation on hand, "Parson Talbot!"

It was some time before any one spoke. Finally Reddy got his amazement-spread mouth sufficiently closed to exclaim: "Th-e-e deuce!"

"Heerd he'd gone back to the States."

"Where's he prospectin' now?"

"Old Parson Talbot; well, yer did strike it rich, Zinc."

"How's his folks? Don't yer remember them kids of his'n, and that smart little woman?"

While this shower of remarks was pattering down on Zinc, two young men who had been talking quietly in one corner of the room, went over and joined the party at the bar.

One was dressed in the rough miner's garb worn by most of the crowd; the other a little better, but not out of keeping with his surroundings. The latter, addressing Barnes, said: "You don't mind my listening, I hope; I know Parson Talbot."

"Any man's welcome to hear what Zinc Barnes says about Parson Talbot, stranger, for I ain't got nothing but good to say of him."

"I'm glad to hear it," the young man said, smiling pleasantly. "But before you go on, take something with me." He nodded to the entire crowd in a manner perfectly understood, for every-one faced the bar, and Mr. Reddy produced a line of glasses which exhausted his stock, the faro-dealer and case-keeper being obliged to use one glass between them.

This important and imposing ceremony finished, Mr. Barnes continued:

"Yes, Parson Talbot; and he looked a sight older than he did when he left Hangtown in the winter of '56, busted. But ye asked me, Reddy, what started me on old Smally, and that's what I'll tell you. I ran right agin the parson one morning at the Bay, but wouldn't know him, only he braced up to me and says, holdn' out his hand in that easy way of his: 'Ain't I speaking to Zinc Barnes?' 'Ye are, stranger,' I said, and then he smiled in that way ye remember, whoever knew him, and I yelled out, 'Parson Talbot, by——.' I think I was going to say 'gosh,' but the parson didn't run no chances, seein' as how he knew my way, and chipped in before I finished. Well, he asked me out to his house, sayin' I would meet the old lady, and have dinner with him that evening. I found out the parson was preachin' as a stiddy lay out.

"Well, I went out to his house, and it 'pears they don't pay much for preachin', even from a regular parson, in some of these districts at the Bay. He seemed to be located pretty near the edge of the camp, for we were an hour getting there in a hoss car, and his little house didn't show no signs that he had struck it over rich. But the old lady didn't seem to mind it, for she was as chipper as ever, and how she did enjoy talking about the old times! Well, after dinner the parson had to go to the meetin'-house.

"When the parson was gone, the old lady told the whole of the story about that deal old Smally gave the parson in Hangtown in '55. I never heard the whole story before and never knew how bad old Smally had played the parson. I tell you, gentlemen, old Smally is no good. It seems that the parson had saved nearly $20,000 out of all the rich strikes he had made, and was goin' back to the States with it and settle down, for he was awfully dead set on bringin' up those two boys of his back East, and eddicating them where he went to school himself. Well, it was just then that Smally, who was not old then, ran across the parson, and roped him into a quartz claim. I reckon the claim was good enough, and worth what they paid for it, which took all the parson had and some of Smally's coin too. They struck it pretty rich one day, and had a big offer to sell right away. That just suited the parson, for he was aching to get aboard the steamer for the States. Smally worked the sale, and to do it got some kind of a paper from the parson, who knew no more about business than a Piute about whisky poker. Smally got the money and sloped. They brought him back, you remember, Reddy, but when they come to law him about it, it turned out the parson had signed a paper agen which he had no show in court. They had to let him go, and any man who was in Hangtown then knows he saved his neck gettin' out of sight quicker'n he had before. Well, the parson was kinder broken-hearted. He didn't squeal; that wan't his kind; but he slipped quietly away, all the life gone out of his voice, and hardly the courage to dig up stakes and move, 'cept for that little wife of his—goin', Mr. Howard?" Barnes suddenly asked, for the young miner suddenly left the group surrounding Zinc. Howard was already at the door before answering, shortly, "Yes; good night." When the door had closed behind him, Reddy, addressing Barnes, said: "Guess he didn't like your picture of old Smally."

"Who is he?" Barnes asked, looking at the door which had just closed on Howard.

"He came here about a month ago, just after you left for the Bay, an' struck up a great friendship for old Smally. He's cabining with the old man now, and has charge of the tunnel the old man is runnin' to tap the ledge of his claim. He's no good."

"Well I ain't sorry he knows what kind of a pard he has," Barnes said. "Old Smally's no good, and it goes if he hears it, which I guess he will," and the prospect of some pistol practice with old Smally which this reflection suggested caused Mr. Barnes to refill his pipe with much care.

"Friend of yours?" he suddenly asked of Mr. White, the young man who had treated the crowd.

"No; I only met him a few days ago. I've been asking him about old Smally's claim, which I was thinking of bonding or buying," the young man answered; a remark which instantly caused him to be regarded with intense interest by every man in the room, nearly every one of whom had a claim he was willing either to bond or sell.

In a few minutes White left the saloon, after treating once more, and wishing every one a pleasant "good night."

When he walked out into the dark street he stopped a moment, as if assuring himself that none of his late companions were watching his movements. Then he walked quickly on for a short distance, overtaking Howard, to whom he said, with a quiet laugh: "If any incentive was needed, I think Mr. Zinc Barnes' story supplied it, Frank."

"Rather," was Frank's short, dry rejoinder. They walked on for a while in silence, and then White said:

"Do you really think I ought to offer the old rascal one hundred dollars, Frank? It happened to be just about all I have left. It's been rather expensive work, posing as a capitalist here for a week with Reddy's vile whisky two bits a glass, and every one drinking every time. The whole hundred, Frank?"

"I tell you yes, Henry," Frank replied, with some impatience. "You do not know what an influence the sight of gold has on the miserly old reprobate. Those precious five twenty-dollar gold pieces will turn his head nearly. Follow the programme I've laid out and the game will win."

"All right, my dear boy; but if it don't we walk back to San Francisco, or borrow from the ruddy Reddy. Here we are."

As he spoke they reached a cabin. Entering, they were met by old Smally, whose small, closely set eyes and uncommonly long, smooth upper lip gave him a most unlovely appearance. He greeted White with a cringing attempt at cheerfulness and received from that young man such a grip of the hand as caused his eyes to water and his long lip twitch with pain. "I have concluded to close with the terms you proposed through Howard, and have brought the necessary papers," White said, briskly, after releasing the old man's cramped fingers.

"Oh, the morning will do, Mr. White; the morning will do quite as well," old Smally said, his cunning suggesting some show of reluctance.

"Excuse me, but the morning will not do. You must sign the papers to-night or the trade is off, and I will accept another favorable offer I have from Mr. Barnes."

"Well, if you insist upon it, I've no objection to signing to-night. But you know that some little coin, just as as a guarantee of good faith, you know, generally passes at such a transaction as this."

White threw five twenties on the table with the remark: "That's all the gold I happen to have in my pockets."

Old Smally's eyes gleamed as he clutched the gold, and droned over and over, "such a transaction as this such a transaction as this."

White and Howard glanced at each other significantly. When White spoke again, old Smally started like a discovered thief, and hastily buried the gold in a pocket.

"Well, here are the papers," White said.

He laid on the table a carefully drawn form of memorandum of sale, by the terms of which old Smally bound himself to deed a certain mining claim, duly described, to White, for the sum of $20,000.

Then, after taking a receipt for his five twenties, and pocketing both papers, White left the cabin. These formalities complied with the strictly observed, though unwritten law, of that class of mining-camp transactions.

An hour later the young men met at the mouth of a tunnel.

"Is the dear man asleep, Frank?" asked White.

"Yes, the sweet creature is in gentle repose, his lovely head resting on your five twenties, already sewn up in his pillow."

The two men then threw off their coats, and by the light of two lanterns, reversed the usual order of mining, for five or six hours carrying ore into the tunnel instead of out of it. The ore they carried in they took from numerous small piles scattered about, but where it had carefully been hidden in the thick growth of sagebrush near the mouth of the tunnel.

"This ought to make a good veneering," Howard remarked, as they carried in the ore. "I worked hard enough packing it up here from old Smith's select dump.

At last, each holding a lantern, they stood near the face of the tunnel and carefully surveyed their work. The face, and for several feet the sides and crown of the tunnel were thickly studded with pieces of rich free gold quartz, firmly set into every crevice and crack, and loose broken piles of the same glittering ore lay on the floor of the tunnel near the face, as though blown down by the last blast.

"It will do," Howard said, finally. "Now go home and prepare to be surprised soon after daylight."

He had not long to wait. Already the stars were vanquished by the rose-clad couriers of his light, sent forward by the conquering sun to where

"The first baby peaks were peeping
From under their bedclothes of snow."

Along the line of the western horizon a vivid green was darting up from between the great, grand domes of the Sierra; darting up to meet the richer hues of the eastern sky, and add its brightness to the gaudy carnival of color which ushered in that mountain day. The sun came and warmed into life the little camp at Smally's Spur. Threads of smoke wound out from cabin stove-pipes; frowsy miners broke the thin ice on the stores of water in pails and buckets, and performed al fresco toilets in front of cabin doors, or sliced the universal bacon wherewith the matutinal meal was to be flavored.

The Smally cabin, of all that dotted the hollow at the foot of the spur, alone showed no signs of life. Old Smally still slept, his gold-lined pillow giving color to his dreams. Suddenly he awoke with a startled cry; hugged the pillow in his shaking arms, and glared in confused unreasoning terror at Howard, who stood before him, dishevelled, panting, and apparently laboring under the most intense excitement.

"What is it man! Can't you speak? Does White refuse to pay? Refuse to give me the $20,000! I'll have it from him, I tell you!" shrieked the old man, jumping from his bed and feebly stamping the floor.

"Why don't you speak? I tell you he must pay! I'll tear it from his heart, but I'll have it!" and the wretched old miser fell back upon the bed in impotent rage, rocking the gold-lined pillow and moaning.

Howard let him recover somewhat before he said in a low tone, speaking slowly: "Wish rather than he will refuse to pay."

"What?" cried the old man, jumping up again. "Have we struck it?"

"Go up and see for yourself what the last blast the men fired last evening after we left has thrown down."

"They struck it rich and told him, and he came here and cheated me into signing the papers. It's a fraud! I won't be bound by it! It's fraud, I tell you!"

Cursing and crying, old Smally hurried on some clothes and went with Howard to the tunnel. When the light of the lantern fell on the glittering masses of ore he almost sobbed out: "No, no, no! he can't have it! See! the face is almost solid gold!" In his rage and terror and despair, his insane lust cheated his eyes and the tiny specks of free gold danced before his uncertain sight a thousand-fold magnified. "It's all a cheat! a fraud! The miners told him and he has swindled me. This is all mine! It's worth a million, a million! He can't have it!"

Howard did not interrupt his ravings, but silently returned with him to the cabin. There old Smally finally became rational enough to beg Howard to go and see what could be done with White. He returned in about an hour from his mission and simply said: "White may have been told about this, but he does not appreciate the strike as you do. He agrees to return the memorandum for a bonus of $20,000."

"Twenty thousand dollars!" cried the old man. "That is all I have—just all I have. It is in the bank in San Francisco. I'll not give it; I'll fight this out."

"Do you think Zinc Barnes and the rest of the men would stand by you?" Howard asked. "It seems that Barnes saw an old acquaintance of yours, Parson Talbot, down at the Bay, and has been talking about him. There was something about twenty thousand dollars in that story, too, and if this goes the same way you might not fare so well. Besides you say the mine is worth a million."

At the mention of Parson Talbot's name old Smally, after a quick, frightened look at Howard, buried his face in his hands and thus rocked himself and moaned and trembled miserably. "A million—twenty thousand. He must not have it. I must buy him off. A million, a million, million!" He became perfectly quiet after a long while, and then, at last, without a word, muttering no more, he cut open the pillow, and from that a draft for $20,000. Not even trembling he indorsed it, and gave it to Howard, saying:

"When White gives you back that memorandum give him this; it's payable in gold at Wells-Fargo's bank in San Francisco. Go. I'm too weak now to walk to him. Twenty thousand—a million!"

An hour after the stage rolled down the steep grade from the Spur Zinc Barnes took old Smally a letter and the memorandum. The letter read:

We leave by the stage to bear your kind regards and $20,000 draft to the parson, our father.

FRANK HOWARD TALBOT,
HENRY WHITE TALBOT.

"It strikes me, Frank," Henry remarked as the old stage jolted along the Carson road, "it strikes me father won't have to use this to 'eddicate the kids.'"

"No; in the light of recent events, we do not appear to be in great need of an education. I guess we'll let father use it to take mother back to the States."—*Detroit Free Press.*

### Strange Coincidences.

In the small town of Zeitz, in Prussian Saxony, lived two women, Frau Schmidt and Frau Feustel, occupying adjoining rooms in the same house. In February, 1881, each was made on the same day the mother of triplets, all boys. This was a decidedly curious coincidence in births. Rev. Mr. Busch, of Winona, Minn., whose five five children were all born on Sunday, has been the subject of some newspaper paragraphs, but his case is less noteworthy than that of a resident of Middletown, Conn., three of whose children have the same birthday, November 16. A less remarkable coincidence is noted in the case of Mrs. William Minning, of Mount Auburn, O., who celebrated on one day the anniversary of her birth, of her wedding and of the birth of a grandchild. Why should accident have ordained that the same company of minstrels should have visited Washington on the day that President Garfield was inaugurated, on the day that his remains were borne in state to the Capitol, and on the day that the oration was pronounced upon him by Mr. Blaine.

An odd coincidence was reported not long ago in these columns. In 1862 a fire destroyed the city of Kingston, Jamaica. On the day of the fire Aaron de Cordova was born. Aaron de Cordova's grandfather was the first man on the island who erected a building. After the fire, three months ago, in the same place, the present Aaron de Cordova was the first man who erected a building. It was a curious fate which ordained that the son of the Austrian Baron Carl von Hofer, and Andreas Hofer's great-grandson, should perish by a bullet discharged during a rifle-match, being the fifth member of this distinguished family slain by such a wound. Three years ago one Louis Hiltz, of Independence, Mo., killed Joseph Melody, but was acquitted on the ground of insanity. Two years later, on the same day and at the same hour, he received a fatal sunstroke on the same spot where he committed the crime. Coincidences relative to deaths are numerous if not always very noteworthy. On the 19th of April, 1882, Edward Goss was buried at Troy, in this State, from the same house at which in 1870 the same clergyman had buried his brother James. Both brothers died on the same day of the month at the same hour.—*N. Y. World.*

### They Played Poker.

There is rather a good story current, in a sub-rosa way, in certain well informed business and society (male) circles, respecting the brilliant achievements in New York of a party of London aristocrats, whose names were recently chronicled in so called society journals. Two airy, ostentatious and somewhat aspirateless cockneys and their wives arrived by the Cunard steamer a few weeks since and put up at a fashionable hotel on Madison square. The ladies were of the order described as stylish. They were tall and statuesque, beaming and gracious. They had neither of them been long married. On the second day after their arrival they went out riding on horseback in the park. The ladies were graceful equestrians. Although they were high-bred they were condescending. Well-known New Yorkers, all of the male persuasion, however, were introduced to the distinguished party. Wine flowed in their parlors. The fair Britons had no objection to cigar smoke; nay, they rather liked it. Sometimes the ladies were discovered amusing themselves with a game of short whist or casino. Their New York visitors spoke of euchre and poker, the favorite games of the American eagle. The fair English women were not acquainted with either game, but were willing to learn both. They were not inapt scholars. Their husbands were admitted to Gotham's educational advantages. Pretty soon the ladies declared that euchre was the nicest game at cards that ever was invented; while as for draw poker, it was a heavenly pastime. The husbands did not affect to see the American games in this light, as they seldom took a hand when their wives and their guests sat down to a quiet game, on which a little money was always staked, just to make it interesting. Unless current reports greatly lie, several of the guests found it a good deal more interesting than they care to acknowledge. The four cockneys were sharpers of the darkest and oiliest kind. Several club men were very severely shorn, and a prominent ex-official is also reported among the victims. But for the good offices and intercession of the latter, who dreaded exposure, the four sharpers would have been handed over to the authorities and perhaps compelled to disgorge their ample spoils. The party bid their New York friends "ta ta" last week, and will return to the society which they adorn in Cockneydom with a warm appreciation of Uncle Sam's currency and perhaps a poor opinion of Gotham sagacity.—*Philadelphia Item.*

—Chinese labor is about to be introduced into Brazil. Twenty thousand indentured laborers are to be landed at Rio, at a cost of little over $2 a head. They will be paid seventeen pence a day, out of which they will have to provide their own food. The ultimate importation into Brazil of from 400,000 to 500,000 Chinese is anticipated.

### Black Dresses.

Notwithstanding the prediction that colored dresses would be worn almost to the exclusion of black, there is still evident a partiality for black fabrics for both rich and simple tollettes, and most ladies, whether young, old, or middle-aged, provide themselves with one or two black dresses. The repped silks are considered most stylish for these; Sicilienne, ottoman silk, and gros grain find equal favor, and are used with the plain large reps and also with unique brocaded and stamped patterns of linked rings, three in a group, large blocks, arabesques, fruits, and shaded balls. The more conservative dressmakers, however, say that satin merveilleux is as largely used as it was last season because ladies are afraid to trust for service to repped silks that are still apt to grow "shiny," although they are much less adulterated than formerly. For street suits to be worn with small mantles these black silk or satin dresses are made almost as simple as if fashioned by a tailor. The basque is short and severely plain, with some postilion plaitings in the back, and a plaited plastron, or some ornaments of passementerie or of lace between the throat and the top of the darts. The over-skirt is a deep apron or a short one, as best suits the figure, and its edges are concealed if short, or simply faced if long. If the wearer is short of stature the lower skirt is in lengthwise plaits, either three or five wide triple box plaits falling down the front and side gores, with only a narrow plaiting all around, or else there may be a soft bagging puff around the hips with long single box plaits falling below it on all but the back widths, where there are two breadths of drapery arranged to droop in wing-like points. If the dress is worn by a tall person, the figure is apparently shortened by trimmings that pass around the skirt; for instance, there are three bias gathered flounces, on each of which are three rows of velvet ribbon, and there are crosswise plaited puffs on the front and sides; these puffs may be of different widths, two being very deep, with two narrow shirred puffs at the foot of each, and at the top around the hips is the soft vertugadin puff.

Another style for those of medinm height has the back foundation skirt covered with two deep gathered valances of black satin Surah, in each of which are three deep tucks, for all materials, no matter how rich, are now folded into tucks; across the front and sides are two satin plaitings bordered with passementerie or with a band of brocaded ottoman silk, and above these is a full wrinkled drapery of a breadth of the satin drawn across with its edges concealed. For such skirts a plain black silk Jersey will make a stylish corsage, and may be completed by notched collar of the same, or a collar and cuffs of jet, small jet buttons, and a sash bow, or else a regular sash of satin ribbon that is watered on the wrong side; for a still more dressy suit this Jersey may be beaded all over and trimmed with lace frills and rich fringe of large jets and chenille in the way described last week. Small buttons, either in bullet or coin shape, of plain crocheted silk, or else the berry buttons covered with small beads, remain in favor for all such dresses. Another feature that accommodates itself to both the slender and the stout is the plastron or vest of the basque; for thin chests there is a Breton plastron set in of shirred and plaited satin merveilleux made in one piece—not separated in the middle—with two standing frills around the neck; there may be passamenterie ornaments on each side of this, or else the silk of the basque is cut away from the lining to form two bold curves on each side and below, and its edges are finished with a piping fold or thick cord and made to fall on the plastron. If the whole waist is too slight, there is a plaited and shirred vest instead of a plastron, and this vest falls in a puff below the waist line. For plump round figures the silk or satin basque may be as plain in front as a Jersey, though with the postilion plaiting for finishing the back, and the trimming is flat passementerie, or else a smooth vest of netted jet.

The panelled skirts and those with loose long plaits are much used for stout figures, and these are now double plaited flounces on each side to form side panels, while the front breadth has only a few loose plaits its entire length. The demi-polonaise with basque front and princesse back is liked with the skirts just described, and a princesse effect is now given to the back of plain round basques by hooking the drapery of the over-skirt upon the middle and side forms a few inches below the waist. The plainest of the dresses described above are seen on bright days on the Fifth Avenue or at church, with a very simple jacket of black or blue cloth in tailor style or in Jersey shape, or else with a short mantle of the silk or of camel's-hair scarcely more than a scarf in depth, enriched by full plaitings of French lace, with loops of ribbon or pendent jet ornaments amid the lace. The bonnet with these is also very simple; if worn by a young lady, it is a small round-crown capote of lustrous black, cream white or colored straw, with a velvet puff on all its edges, and a cluster or full wreath of small and light-colored flowers, usually of cream white or pinkish-white tiny blossoms in preference to the larger daisies or artemisias; close English turbans are also appropriate with velvet on the brim, and either small tips or else flowers for trimming. For older ladies the bonnet is of similar shape, but with fuller, higher velvet puffing, and an aigrette, or darker and larger flowers, with sometimes a beaded or embroidered crown, and richly-colored cashmere lace. The neck is plainly dressed, with the merest rim visible of plaited lisse or lace, or a linen collar.—*Harper's Bazar.*

—There are 12,000 miles of underground wire in the towns of Great Britain and Ireland, and there is a constant outcry for them in the country in England, owing to the destruction to open lines by gales and snowstorms, but the cost of the underground wires confines their use to large towns.

—Lieutenant Schwatka says that the Esquimaux's reindeer clothing is the only apparel for the Arctic explorer, and that without it he can scarcely hope to survive the extreme cold.

### PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

—James Robinson, the old circus man and famous bareback rider, has sold his farm of 920 acres, eight miles from Mexico, Mo., for $45,000.

—Dr. Gatling, the inventor of the famous gun, is a Southerner, but looks like an elderly German. He is still hard at work at other inventions, and promises to again surprise the world.

—Mrs. Cracroft, the sister of Sir John Franklin, died recently at Dorking at the age of ninety-nine years. She spent nearly all of her ample fortune in fitting out expeditions to search for her brother.

—Mrs. John W. Iliff is the richest woman in Colorado. Her husband, who died a short time ago, was considered the cattle king of the State, and at the time of his death owned twice as many cattle as any other ranchman in Colorado.—*Denver Tribune.*

—George Cleeves, the first settler of Portland, Me., landed upon the southwestern shore of Casco Bay two hundred and fifty years ago, and the people of Portland and the region round about propose to celebrate the quarter-millennial anniversary on the Fourth of July next with ceremonies similar to those of the recent Penn celebration at Philadelphia.—*Boston Post.*

—Mr. F. W. Christ, postmaster at Lititz, Pa., who died recently, had not for fifty years, until this spring, missed attending a single one of the peculiar services of the Moravian Church which are held in the burying-ground every Easter morning. He was a member of the National Electoral College and cast his vote for Lincoln in 1860.—*Philadelphia Press.*

—Tewfik Pasha, the new Turkish Minister to the United States, is a graduate of the military school of St. Cyr, Versailles, and is Major General in the Turkish army. He was President of the Turkish Military Commission for procuring arms in America from 1873 to 1879. He was Minister of Finance a short time in 1880. Tewfik Pasha is of medium height, and has a pleasant face fringed by a gray beard. He speaks English perfectly.

—Rev. George F. Moore, of Putnam, O., who has been chosen to fill the chair of Hebrew, Arabic and cognate languages at Andover (Mass.) Theological Seminary, is a remarkable linguist, and his wife is one of two or three ladies in the United States who can speak Arabic. She passed many years in Syria and other countries, acquiring a practical knowledge of various tongues. Both Mr. and Mrs. Moore write and speak French, German, Italian and Arabic.—*Boston Herald.*

### "A LITTLE NONSENSE."

—A first-class affair—Graduation.—*Baltimore Sun.*

—Osculation is the art of hitting the popular taste, and it is mostly hit with a Miss.—*N. Y. News.*

—"Man should always be graceful," says Dr. Armitage. The doctor evidently never wore a collar with a saw-edge, nor tried to walk symmetrically with one suspender broken.—*Lowell Citizen.*

—"Johnnie," said mamma to her little son, "didn't I tell you not to eat that candy until after dinner?" Johnnie, who lisps, "I ain't eating the candy, I'm only thucking the juithe."—*Lawrence American.*

—Artist (on summer tour): "Ah! Madam, might I have the pleasure of painting your picturesque little cottage?" Country Dame: "Wa'al, I don't know. Guess ye can. Ye might whitewash the fence, too, if ye like."

—A South end man says his wife's conversation is a perfect wonder. Maybe he means by this that it is brilliant and witty, but somehow, in this connection, it is difficult to avoid recalling the saying that wonders will never cease.—*Boston Post.*

—"Is anybody waiting on you?" said a polite dry-goods clerk to a young lady from the country who had just entered the store. "Yes, sir," replied the blushing damsel. "That's my fellow out-side. He wouldn't come in the store."—*N. Y. News.*

—Even some savages are polite. An English officer dining with a cannibal king was asked what religious denomination he affiliated with, as it might be more agreeable to him to have the missionary about to be served of another faith.—*Boston Post.*

—"Is this woman your wife?" asked an Arkansas Justice of a colored man, pointing to a woman. "Is what my wife?" "Is that woman your wife?" "I don't see no 'oman; I sees a lady, an' de lady is my wife." "Is this man your husband?" asked the Justice of the woman. "Dat gen'leman is my husband." "Well, lady and gentleman, I have investigated this case, and have decided to send you both to jail for six months."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

—Plantation Philosophy—De human family is so filled wid pride in life dat de desire for show does not stop at death. I's often knowed women ter perfess 'ligion on dar death bed an' den tell what colored dress dey wanted to be ouried in. Ef it tuck as much ob a struggle ter git drunk as it does ter git sober, I neber would hab laid out in de rain all night. De machinery ob dis life is a mighty contrary arrangement. De thing dat yer oughtenter to do is mighty easy, but de thing yer oughter 'complish is powerful hard.—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

—A few miles from Corrizo, on the Little Colorado River, a petrified forest has been discovered. The petrified stumps, limbs and whole trees lie about on all sides. The action of the waters for hundreds of years has gradually washed away the high hills roundabout, and the trees that once covered the high table lands now lie in the valley beneath. Immense trunks, some of which will measure over five feet in diameter, are broken and scattered over a surface of 300 acres. There are numerous blocks or trunks of this petrified wood that have the appearance of having been cut down by the woodman's ax, and the chips are thrown around on the ground so that one instinctively picks them up as he would in the log camps of Pennsylvania.—*Philadelphia Record.*

—"Hoy, Rube," is a slogan of circus men to call all hands to the rescue when threatened by a mob. It is only used when the danger is imminent.—*Chicago Herald.*